



I'LL NEVER FORGET THEE.

“Forget thee?”—If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day—
If all the worship, deep and wild,
A poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee
To heaven's protecting power—
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,
A thousand in an hour—
If busy Fancy blending thee
With all my future lot,
If this thou call'st “forgetting,”
Thou indeed shalt be forgot !

“Forget thee?”—Bid the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune ;
“Forget thee?”—Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew,
Thyself forget thine “own dear land,”
And its “mountains wild and blue ;”
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long-remembered spot—
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then thou shalt be forgot !

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace
Still calm and fancy free ;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
Should grow less glad for me.
Yet, while that heart is still unwon,
Oh ! bid not mine to rove,
But let it muse its humble faith,
And uncomplaining love.
If these preserved for patient years
At last avail me not,
Forget me then—but ne'er believe
That thou canst be forgot !

FORGET THEM I'LL NEVER

"For I thought—If to dream by night—

A dream of thee by day—

It all the morning, deep and wild,

A dream of thee, can say—

It grows in a dream, dreamed for thee

To heaven's protecting power—

It grows in a dream, dreamed for thee

A thousand in an hour—

It grows in a dream, dreamed for thee

Was all my love for

It has been called "forgetting"

Thou hast called it "forgetting"

"Forget them?—And the forest birds

Forget their sweetest tune;

"Forget them?—And the sea forgets

To swell beneath the moon;

But the thirsty dove forgets to drink

The dew's refreshing dew

Thou'lt forget mine "downy dew,"

And its "mountains will and blue,"

Forget each old familiar face,

And long-remembered words—

When these things are forgot by thee,

Then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep it then with thy maiden peace

Still as thou art, and true;

For God's love, thy precious heart

Shall grow less true for me;

Yet, when I last meet a still river,

Oh! did not mine to rise

But let it run its gentle race,

And no more rise to rise

It flows forever, the patient years

At last shall see thee

For I will not forget thee

Thou shalt be forgot!